

## Another Sort of Girl

By Martha McCulloch-Williams

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"What shall I do with you? You are simply dreadful!" Lottie ejaculated, looking severely at Basil.

"I slipped the ash from his cigar with extreme nicety," he answered. "I don't know—unless you marry me. I heard we were engaged at the post-office yesterday."

"Haggard! I heard that a week ago, at least," Lottie flung back at him, laughing softly.

"Basil looked injured. 'And you never told me!' he murmured. Lottie shrugged faintly. 'I would—only there was no danger,' she said. 'Even if I wanted you ever so badly, Uncle Joseph and Auntie Beth and Margaret would all protect you. They don't want the King heirs consoling—' not a bit of it. Told me flatly before you came.'"

"Indeed! Why didn't they warn me?" Basil asked, his tone more than ever injured.

"Agnes Lottie laughed. 'Oh, they couldn't think of you as in danger,' she said. 'You see, we know what a day-killer you are—then, too, you have so much money—quite too much to think of wasting yourself upon a country girl.'"

"You are not a bit like my dream-girl," Basil admitted. "She has wheat-colored hair, eyes of corn-flower blue—and not an angle in her form or in her temper. You are—well—tall and slender!"

"And brown of hair, with green eyes, and all the angles outside geometry," Lottie broke in, her eyes gleaming wickedly. "I'm so glad you told me your ideal, though," she went on. "I'm going to take you to see it—in duplicate, the Dale twins—Emma and Agnes. You'll have to see the whole flock, of course—but they are the chief of our sights—the seven prettiest girls in the county."

"Seven! Good Lord! I can't face a whole platoon. Not without getting more life insurance!" Basil cried, pretending to gasp. "Can't I manage it—the insurance—over the phone? I believe, though, you are stringing me."

"Would I were!" Lottie said mockingly. "Then—well, I shouldn't like to see you in a deadly fear of spinsterhood. You see, it is this way—Granny's sons are all dead, and all left



"I Heard That a Week Ago."

girl-children—there are two pairs of twins and a trio in the bunch. Granny is fat and rich and fussy—worships the girls, and scolds them all the time. Purses because they don't marry out of hand—and insults outright every man who dares to go there courting. She indulges the bunch every way she can, yet she never lets them feel their souls are their own. Consequently they all have the loveliest manners in the world—even if Emma and Ag were not destined to captivate you, you'd never escape—the whole lot are so exactly the sort of thing you like."

"How do you know?" Basil asked. Lottie answered promptly, "By this reason—They are exactly everything I am not."

"Indeed!" Basil said, stepping close to her. She smiled provokingly, whereupon he kissed her.

As she wiped her lips he looked at her reproachfully, saying, "No girl ever did that before—not right to my face."

"You must remember, there are girls and girls, the same as you have been telling me there are men and men," Lottie said over her shoulder, as he ran away.

Basil looked after her, divided between an impulse to follow and kiss her again, and to swear at himself soundly as a fool.

He was five years her elder, and won the world at all angles, moreover was college bred, and a master of the art of flirtation. He had come forthright back to see his father's people—his father who had died, in the year he was born. His mother had married again, and herself been drowned along with her new husband upon the wedding journey. It was then Basil had come into so much money. His stepfather had made him his heir, no less his mother. He had stayed with her people, quite apart from the Kings. Formal letters had come yearly from his bachelor uncle and two maiden aunts, and been answered as formally. In such fashion he had known of Miss Charlotte

King's existence, but he had never dreamed of her as a factor in his future when a sudden whim moved him to come back to his father's native county.

Now, she was lithely angular; she had freckles and opalons both decided. Moreover she had no reverence for him, for anything masculine. It appeared. Uncle Joseph even was her playfellow, notwithstanding the rest of the world saw him a starch and downright personage. She was certainly the life and soul of things, there in the old homestead. It had been borne in upon him further that she was a coquette of the first water; not a malicious one, but in a merry, sprightly fashion. At first the thought of it had amused him greatly. Later, he had been finding out that she was indeed, when she chose to be, a worker of charms.

They rode to the Dale place at a headlong gallop. The afternoon was heavenly—air like wine went to the head. Basil tried hard to say things as they rode, but Lottie would not listen. She was in her wildest sprits—and managed as soon as they were in the big, dim parlor to get Basil anchored between Emma and Agnes, while she herself sat at merry gossip with Granny, the other five listening in mute admiration.

Basil yearned to listen, too—anything would be better than the pair painfully entertaining him. They were just through reading the latest and truest "best seller," and eager to show the stranger how much they had got out of it.

"I loved the book. It is just like Lottie—the love part, you know," Agnes gurgled at length.

Basil looked politely puzzled. "You'll have to explain," he said. "I have neither read the book nor heard Lottie's love story."

"Why—you know—that is—Anabel just has to marry her—her rich cousin," Emma stammered.

"And he was perfectly horrid, and he ran away with a pedlar—and he turned out to be a college professor in disguise," Agnes added eagerly.

Basil laughed heartily, yet could not help flushing. "I'm her cousin—and horrid enough, I admit—" he began.

At once Emma and Agnes were covered with confusion. "Do excuse us!" they cried in a breath. "We forgot—and it was so interesting—seeing people just like those in the book."

"But—she doesn't have to marry me, not unless she chooses!" Basil said apologetically—he really felt quite guilty. Just then there was a check in the gossip—his words carried all the length of the suddenly silent room. Granny caught them—she looked hard at Basil and rumbled at him.

"That's all you know, young man. She'll never get such another chance—trust her not to miss it. Charlotte is the only girl I know with more sense than a goose."

"Lottie—what do you say?" Basil demanded, getting up and striding toward the group at the other end of the room.

Lottie looked up at him, a side-long, birdlike glance, and said demurely: "I've been too well brought up, Cousin Basil, ever to contradict my elders."

## HIS COURAGE FAILED HIM

Quannah Parker, Chief of Comanche Indians, Refused to Face Certain Trouble in His Own Home.

Quannah Parker, chief of the Comanche Indians, who died some weeks ago, enjoyed the reputation of being the wittiest man of his race. He was likewise a man of affairs and something of a lobbyist. He had appeared before the committee of Indian affairs regularly for years, and the members of that committee had become intimately acquainted with him.

Two or three years ago Uncle Sam issued a mandate to the effect that the Indians in the future should take unto themselves but one wife. Quannah, appearing before the committee, told its members that many of the men of his tribe had more than one wife. He was admonished to go home and tell them that this condition of affairs could no longer exist and that the surplus wives must be sent home to their parents.

Last session Parker again appeared before the committee, and the following conversation took place between him and a committeeman:

"Did you tell your bucks that they must have but one wife, Parker?"

"Yes, me tell 'em," responded the Indian.

"Did you get rid of the extra wives?"

"Yes, all gone," answered the chief.

"But," urged the committeeman, "I am told that you yourself have six wives."

"Yes, me got six," said Parker.

"Now, this will not do, Parker. You have to get rid of those extra wives. You go home and tell them to leave. Send them to their parents. Tell them to go home."

"You tell 'em," responded the Indian.—Lippincott's.

More Restaurant Music.

"Ah, a noiseless soup spoon for newly-made malefactors of great wealth—"

"Not so!" replied the inventor, who, contrary to the usual rule, was intensely practical. "They would not use such a utensil if they had it. This is a soup spoon with a harmonica attachment, upon which almost any tune can be played. Every diner his own Hungarian orchestra—see, Great Ideal! Go like wildfire. Eh, what?"—Satira.

## His Squaw's Necklet

By Isola Forrester

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Vivien reined in her pony at sight of the major. He was visibly disturbed. She could see that from his troubled, uneasy gaze as he watched the stumbling, ungainly figure of old Broken Bow pass down the road that led from the post to the reservation.

"Now what?" called Vivien, anxiously. "Aren't you going to ride this glorious morning—with me?"

He came up to the pony, and stroked its velvet nose gently.

"I cannot, dear, this morning. There's trouble over at the camp. Broken Bow tells me that their medicine man has lost his squaw's necklet."

"Lost what?" laughed Vivien. "How interesting!"

"It may become more so. They are very superstitious, and most abominably obstinate over these things. It is a necklet of elk teeth and eagle claws, a sacred affair that has been handed down from chief to chief for generations, and is supposed to convey miraculous powers to its possessor. The last chief had no son, therefore his daughter kept it, and married the medicine man."

"And he—"

"Thereby acquired part of the gift. Broken Bow has been trying to explain it to me. The whole tribe is up in arms over it. It is believed that the woman's cousin, a young brave named Flying Fox, has stolen it, and will rally the tribe against the peaceful rule of old Broken Bow."

"Aren't they just like children?"

"Hardly. More like frightened animals that rush panic-stricken into unknown danger. This foolish necklet affair may bring on a tribal war, and already the colonel has ordered me out to settle it, with force if need be."

"And you cannot ride?"

"No. Best not venture far yourself."

Vivien laughed back at him over her shoulder as she let the pony go. Danger? There was no danger, she was sure.

Straight away from the post she rode, choosing the river road as her favorite. The post lay in the valley, and she loved the trails that led over the far-lying buttes up to the purple reaches of the foothills. Mile after



Her Companion Waited.

mile the pony cantered, until the white and yellow houses of the post looked like mere tiny boxes set up on the plain. There was water at a certain turn, Vivien remembered, and she wanted a drink herself. As she reached the pool she slipped from the saddle, giving the pony its chance to drink first. The noise of other hoofs beating up the opposite path startled her, and instinctively she drew her own pony back from the water into the shelter of the trees.

They were both Indians. She knew that as soon as she saw their rough, ungraceful ponies. One was a woman, and she was young. She slipped from her saddle before her pony came to a full stop, let it go free and scrambled up the bank above the drinking pool, while her companion waited.

Vivien watched, holding her breath, one hand over the pony's nose. The squaw bent over the stump of a lightning-blasted pine tree, remained for perhaps a minute and returned, mounting in silence, and both departed as they had come.

"Well, upon my word!" said Vivien with the calm assurance of a Vermont girl, born and bred. "I think you are up to some mischief, my Minnehaha. Stand steady a minute, Belle."

She went up to the pine stump and reached down into its hollow. There were dry leaves, and beneath small rocks, freshly placed there, but under both her hand came in contact with something foreign, something sharp and queer to the touch. She lifted it out, held it up to the light and gave a quick gasp of amazement. Then, returning, she turned about and made for the post.

It was mid-afternoon before she reached the post, too late to stop the detachment that had already started for the reservation to head off the war parties. Signal fires must not be lighted that night on distant hills or by morning there would be open war and bloodshed. When Vivien ar-

rived she threw her bridle to the first soldier she met, and limped toward the colonel's quarters, lame and almost dazed after her race; but clasped in her hand was the necklet.

"Can you ride with me to the reservation?" asked the old fellow, watching the flushed girl face narrowly. "I shall need you."

"I could ride anywhere now," she said.

Fifteen minutes later, on a fresh horse, she rode with the colonel and escort straight out toward the reservation.

"Whoever carries that necklet bears power to sway the whole tribe," the colonel told her. "That brave you saw at the spring must have been Flying Fox himself, but who was the woman? The wife of the medicine man is over thirty-five, and is fat and already old."

"Oh, this girl was young, and almost handsome, colonel," protested Vivien. "And she wore two eagle feathers behind her ear."

"We will find her. Whoever she is, she is the thief."

It was almost sundown when they came in sight of the tepees of the reservation. On a small hillock an arrow's flight from the entrance to the stockade were the major and his men, waiting the going down of the sun as the signal to open fire. Up and down, before the tepees raced the young braves on their war ponies, nearly nude, and brightly painted, yelling wildly. The dull thud of the tom-toms came faintly over the plain.

Not until they reached the main tepees, where Broken Bow himself held court, did the colonel dismount and help Vivian from her horse. The major had galloped to meet them, his face stern and haggard as he realized their peril.

"The truce ends at sundown, colonel," he shouted.

"It is not sundown yet, my boy," said the old man, and he led the way into the tent where Broken Bow waited, with the medicine man and his wife and the old men of the tribe. The chief returned the colonel's salutation gravely.

"It is too late," he said. "I have no power to quell them. Flying Fox has been acclaimed their chief, and rides to light the signal fires to call the other tribes. I have no power now."

A long high wall came from the medicine man, and his wife looked at Vivien, as one woman stares at another she has never seen. Suddenly she gave a shriek and sprang at the girl, tearing at the necklet that rested about her throat. Vivien threw off the clinging hands, and held the necklet high above her head out of reach to the hands of Broken Bow.

"The white squaw holds the balance of power in her hands," said the old chief. "Send messengers to say we have the necklet, and the gift returns to our side, not Flying Fox's."

Suddenly Vivien heard a low gasp behind her, and turned to find the girl who had hidden the necklet at the spring. She caught her wrist, and held fast, as she called to the major what she knew of her.

"It is Evening Star," said Broken Bow, sternly, "my own daughter. She had stolen the necklet for him, to give him victory. What shall her punishment be at the hands of the great white father?" He looked at the old colonel, and the colonel looked at Vivien, standing beside the major. And Vivien, reading the look in the Indian girl's eyes, gave sentence.

"Let her be banished with Flying Fox to the North country."

"Thou hast said," replied Broken Bow, but the girl smiled back at Vivien as they led her forth to her exile, and understood.

FLED FROM CONGO CANNIBALS

Superintendent of Rubber Plantation Saw a Cauldron He Feared Might Be for Him.

It is not every day that a man arrives in this town who has looked into a boiling cauldron which cannibals held in preparation for him. But such a man came here the other day from Antwerp on the Red Star liner Vanderland. He was Emile Van Baelen, a Belgian, who was in charge of a rubber plantation in the Congo and had the small task of bossing ten thousand black men.

Mr. Van Baelen knew all about the rubber business, but he wanted to learn something of the mineral treasures of the interior of the D. Congo. So he ventured one day with three servants on an expedition that led two hundred miles from his camp. He found gold and other rich deposits in the interior, but as he was about to return to camp he was surrounded by a hundred dusky Dongoleses, big savages, who consider human flesh a food delicacy.

The servants fled and were captured. Mr. Van Baelen stood his ground, and as the savages approached him he drew his revolver and dropped a couple of them. The others were held at bay. Strategy becoming his only hope now, he said, he raised his hands, and addressing them in their own tongue declared that he was a white god. The blacks took him at his word and instantly saluted him.

He did many things mysterious to the tribe, such as lighting a match and rolling a great stone by a lever, and suddenly he found himself their adored guest. He was invited to sleep in the hut of the king of the tribe, and a feast was prepared for him. Fearing that he might have to sample a part of one of his missing servants, he escaped in the night and got back to his camp. He is on his way to Mexico to raise coffee.

## TWENTY-SECOND ANNUAL CONVENTION OF THE LAWRENCE COUNTY SUNDAY SCHOOL ASSOCIATION TO BE HELD AT LOUISA, KY., JULY 10 and 11, 1912

### PROGRAMME

WEDNESDAY, JULY 10, 1912.

Morning Session.

- 10:00—Devotional Service ..... Dr. Archibald Cree
- 10:15—Report of the County Secretary ..... O. J. Vaughan
- 10:20—The Cradle Roll ..... Mrs. Ruth Atkinson
- 10:30—Equipment and Organization:
  - (a) Elementary Division ..... Miss Maud L. Dance, assistant to Miss Nannie Lee Frayser, Louisville, Ky.
  - (b) Secondary Division ..... W. J. Vaughan
  - (c) Adult Division ..... General Secretary G. A. Joplin, Louisville, Ky.
- (d) Temperance and Purity ..... Mrs. Agnes L. Elfort, State Superintendent, Ashland, Ky.

11:50—Appointment of Committees and Announcements.

Afternoon Session.

- 1:30—A Service of Song—Prayer ..... Rev. C. M. Summers
- 1:45—Definite Decisions for Christ ..... L. M. Copley
- 2:00—Graded Instruction ..... Rev. G. A. Joplin
- 2:20—Missionary Plans ..... Rev. J. W. Crites
- 2:35—The Home Department ..... W. T. Cain
- 2:50—Teaching the Little Ones in a One-room School, Miss Maud L. Dance
- 3:20—Measuring a Sunday School ..... Rev. G. A. Joplin
- 4:00—Announcements and Adjournment.

Evening Session.

- 7:30—Song Service—Prayer ..... Dr. Thomas Hanford
- 7:50—Annual Address of Welcome ..... President M. S. Burns
- 8:10—Response from the Country ..... Walter Arrington
- 8:25—The American Estimate of the Boy, Rev. G. A. Joplin
- 8:55—An Expression of Our Appreciation of Him, The Audience

THURSDAY, JULY 11, 1912.

Morning Session.

- 9:00—Devotional Service ..... Rev. J. W. Crites
- 9:15—Treasurer's Report ..... O. J. Vaughan
- 9:20—Home Study ..... Elder C. M. Summers
- 9:30—Echoes from the Field, by Officers of Magisterial Districts.

- 10:00—Teacher Training ..... Elder C. M. Summers
- 10:20—Song Service of the Sunday School, Dr. Archibald Cree
- 10:45—Progress ..... L. M. Copley
- 11:10—Stewardship ..... Rev. G. A. Joplin
- 11:40—Report of Nominating Committee.
- 11:45—Installation of Officers.
- 12:00—Adjournment.

Afternoon Session.

Impromptu Speeches and Conferences.

## WEST VIRGINIA NEIGHBORS.

The West Virginia delegation at the Chicago convention split up badly. Gov. Glasscock wanted everything in sight. Mr. Hubbard of Wheeling wanted the wee governor to ride up so there it was. They came back to their native domain with feelings of revenge rankling in their breasts, which will develop more plainly as the election grows nearer.

Col. T. T. McDougal was beaten for state senator by a large majority. This means that the Republican counties of Mingo and McDowell have no respect for the Republicans of this county. Now we have a solution to offer to our Republican brethren. It is this. Help the Democrats in the election this fall and they will see to it that Wayne county gets an absolute divorce from these counties in the Black Belt.

Last Thursday marked the fortieth anniversary of the admission of West Virginia as a sovereign commonwealth into the union of states. The state enters upon the fiftieth year of its statehood as a marvel of growth and the accomplishment of its own salvation and progress, unexcelled by any other state. Next year there will be celebrated in Wheeling the attainment of the fiftieth birthday of the state, under the direction and supervision of the semi-centennial commission, and the preparations making for that Golden Jubilee assures a fitting and impressive commemoration of that important event.

The forty second annual session of the State Educational Association was held at Wheeling, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday.

The Association was well attended, the enrollment being more than eight hundred, made up of members of the faculty of the University, high school principals, city superintendents, county superintendents, and teachers in the high graded and elementary schools of the state.

The program rendered was very interesting and all were well pleased with the meeting. A number of

educators from other states participated in the exercises.

The forty third session will be held at Parkersburg.

The following officers for the ensuing year were elected:

Mrs. Mary McGuigan, of Charleston, Pres.

Supt. W. M. Foulk, of Huntington, Vice Pres.

Supt. C. R. Murray, of Williamson, Sec.

Mr. J. F. Marsh, Sec. of the Board of Regents, Treas.

Wayne county was represented but won no prizes. Last year this county won first and second.

The department of free school has issued the county teachers' institute schedule for the current year. The following plans, as to dates and instructors, have been provided for Wayne and adjoining counties:

Wayne, Wayne, July 22. Instructors, Joseph Rosier, Fairmont; Miss Virginia C. Johns; Mrs. Jennie Duncan, Kenova, Music.

Cabell, Huntington, August 19. Instructors, Dr. R. A. Armstrong, Morgantown; Professor E. Dieffenbach, Huntington.

Mingo, Williamson, August 26. Instructors, J. D. Garrison, Sistersville; Miss Mary B. Pontaine, Charleston; Mrs. Mary M. Bryan, Pt. Pleasant, music.

Logan, Logan, September 2. Instructors, L. W. Burns, Montgomery; L. J. Hanifan, Charleston.

The Twelve Pole Valley Baptist Sunday School Convention was to have been held with the Wayne Baptist Sunday School on Wednesday and Thursday before the Fourth Sunday in July. The Wayne County Teachers' Institute will be in session here on that date and the officers of the convention have decided to hold it on Wednesday and Thursday before Third Sunday in July which will be one week earlier. A program for the convention will be published in the next issue of the News.

Parkersburg, W. Va., June 28.—Drury C. Badgley, a wealthy farmer, residing at Pleasant Hill, near here, was attacked today by a swarm of bees, which settled in his hair and beard and stung him to death before medical aid could reach him.